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Scandal.

When cannibal savages after a fight
Make a feast of the bodies of those they have beaten,
The grisly repast yields a keener delight
From the knowledge that every unfortunate wight
Would have deemed it the deepest disgrace to be eaten.

Though the custom is fast dying out in Fiji,
As the influence of Western example increases,
In civilized countries you often may see
A circle of friends in the highest of glee,
All busily picking some neighbor to pieces.

And the best of it is the neighbor is not,
As in islands barbaric, a person deceased;
His flesh has been baked in no caldrons or pots;
They don't even trouble to serve them up hot;
For the victim still lives in the midst of the feast.

Some good natured friend p'r'aps, may make him aware
Of the nature of these hungry monsters' employment;
And, though in reply he may stoutly declare
That such vivisection won't hurt him a hair,
Yet he writhes at the thought of their fiendish enjoyment.

Still one comfort remains. In the isles of Fiji
No possible vengeance is left for the victim.
He is cooked and defunct. But in Europe he's free
To seek satisfaction; and sometimes we see
That he wounds in exchange for the wounds which have pricked him.

Then beware, Mrs. Smith; beware, lovely Miss Brown;
Young Jones, whisper nothing that isn't quite true;
Be a little more careful of others' renown,
For Thompson in yonder recess has sat down
With Miss Green, and is quietly cutting up *you!* —*Belgravia.*

THE BETTER WAY.

One evening, as the twilight was dusking into deeper shades, Farmer Welton stood in his dooryard with a gun in his hands, and saw a dog coming out of his shed. It was not his dog, for his was of a light color, while this was surely black.

The shed alluded to was open in front, with double doors, for the passage of carts; and the shed was a part of a continuous structure connecting the barn with the house. Around back of this shed was the sheepfold.

There had been trouble upon Farmer Welton's place. Dogs had been killing his sheep—and some of the very best at that. He had declared, in his wrath, that he would shoot the first stray dog he found prowling about his premises. On this evening, by chance, he had been carrying his gun from the house to the barn when the canine intruder appeared. Aye, and in the barn he had been taking the skin from a valuable sheep that had been killed and mangled with tigerish ferocity.

So when he saw the strange dog coming through his shed, he brought his gun to his shoulder, and with a quick, sure aim, fired. The dog gave a leap and a howl, and whirling around in a circle two or three times, he bounded off in a tangent, yelping painfully, and was soon lost to sight.

"Hallo! What's to pay now, Welton?"

"Ah—is that you, Frost?"

"Yes. Ye been shooting something, haven't ye?"

"I've shot a dog, I think."

"Y-e-s. I seed him scootin' off. It was Brackett's, I reckon,"

Before the farmer could make any further remark, his wife called to him from the porch, and he went in.

Very shortly afterward a boy and a girl came out through the shed as the dog had come. Down back of Welton's farm, distant half a mile or so, was a grist mill, with quite a settlement around it, and the people having occasion to go on foot from that section to the farms on the hills could cut off a long distance by crossing Welton's lot. The boy and girl were children of Mr. Brackett. When they reached home they were met by a scene of dire confusion. Old Carlo, the grand old Newfoundland dog—the loving and the loved—the true and the faithful—had come home shot through the head, and was dying. The children threw themselves on their shaggy mate and wept and moaned in agony.

Mr. Brackett arrived just as the dog breathed his last. One of the older boys stood by with a lighted lantern, for it had grown quite dark now, and the farmer saw what had happened.

"Who did this?" he asked, groaningly.

"John Welton did it," said Tom Frost, coming up at that moment. "He's been losin' sheep, and I guess he's got kind of wrathy."

"But my dog never killed a sheep—never! He's been reared to care for sheep. How came he down there?"

"He went over to the mill with Sis and me," said the younger boy, sobbing as he spoke; "and he was running on ahead of us toward home. I heard a gun just before we got to Mr. Welton's, but, oh! I did not think he could have shot poor Carlo."

Mr. Brackett was fairly beside himself. To say he was angry would not express it. He had loved that dog—it had been the chief pet of his household for years. Literally boiling with hot wrath and indignation, he started for Welton's.

John Welton and Peter Brackett had been neighbors from their earliest days, and they had been friends, too. Between the two families there had been a bond of love and good will, and a spirit of fraternal kindness and regard had marked their intercourse. Both the farmers were hard working men, with strong feelings, and positive characteristics. They belonged to the same religious society and sympathized in politics. They had warm discussions, but never yet a direct falling out. Of the two Welton was the more intellectual, and perhaps a little more tinged with pride than was his neighbor. But they were both hearty men, enjoying life for the good it gave them.

Mr. Welton entered his kitchen, and stood the empty gun up behind the door.

"What's the matter, John?" his wife asked, as she saw his troubled face.

"I'm afraid I've done a bad thing," he replied, regretfully. "I fear I have shot Brackett's dog."

"Oh, John!"

"But I didn't know whose dog it was. I saw him coming out from the shed—it was too dark to see more than that it was a dog. I only thought of the sheep I had lost and I fired."

"I am sorry, John. Oh, how Mrs. Brackett and the children will feel. They set everything by old Carlo. But you can explain it."

"Yes, I can explain it."

Half an hour later Mr. Welton was going to his barn with a lighted lantern in his hand. He was thinking of the recent unfortunate occurrence, and was sorely worried and perplexed. What would his neighbor say? He hoped there might be no trouble. He was reflecting thus when Mr. Brackett appeared before him, coming up quickly and stopping with an angry stamp of the foot.

Now, there may be a volume of electric influence even in the stamp of a foot, and there was such an influence in the stamp which Brackett gave; and Welton felt it, and braced himself against it. There was, moreover, an atmosphere exhaling from the presence of the irate man at once repellant and aggravating.

"John Welton, you have shot my dog!" The words were hissed forth hotly.

"Yes," said Welton, icily.

"How dared you do it?"

"I dare shoot any dog that comes prowling about my buildings, especially when I have had my sheep killed by them."

"But my dog never troubled your sheep, and you know it!"

"How should I know it?"

"You know that he never did harm to a sheep. It wasn't in his nature. It was a mean, cowardly act, and you shall suffer for it."

"Brackett, you don't know to whom you are talking."

"Oho! We'll find out. Don't put on airs, John Welton. You ain't a saint. I'll have satisfaction if I have to take it out of your hide?"

"Peter, you'd better go home and cool off. You are making yourself ridiculous."

Now, really, this was the unkindest cut of all. Not all the mad words of Brackett put together were so hard as this single sentence; and John Welton put all the bitter sarcasm in his command into it.

Brackett broke forth into a torrent of invectives, and then turned away.

Half an hour later John Welton acknowledged to himself that he had not done exactly right. Had he, in the outset, in answer to Brackett's first outburst, told the simple truth—that he had shot the dog by mistake; that he was sorry, and that he was willing to do anything in his power to make amends—had he done this his neighbor would probably have softened at once. But it was too late now. The blow had been struck; he had been grossly insulted, and he would not back dawn.

Mr. Brackett was not so reflective. He only felt his wrath, which he nurred to keep it warm. That night he hitched his horse to a job wagon, and went to the village for a barrel of flour. Having transacted his store business, he called upon Laban Pepper, a lawyer, to whom he narrated the facts of the shooting of his dog.

Pepper was a man anxious for fees. He had no sympathy or soul above that.

"You say your dog was in company with two of your children?"

"Yes."

"And this passage over Mr. Welton's land and through his shed had been freely yielded by him as a right of way to his neighbors?"

"Yes, sir, ever since I can remember."

"Then, my dear sir, Welton is clearly liable. If you will come with me we will step into Mr. Garfield's and have a suit commenced at once.

Mr. Garfield was the trial justice.

All this happened on Friday evening. On Saturday it had become noised abroad in the farming district that there was not only serious trouble between the neighbors Welton and Brackett, but that they were going to law about it.

On Sunday morning John Welton told his wife he should not attend church. She had no need to ask her husband why he should not go out. She knew he was unhappy, and that he could not bear to meet his old neighbor in the house of God while the dark cloud was upon him. Nor did she wish to meet either Mr. or Mrs. Brackett. So they both stayed at home.

Peter Brackett was even more miserable than John Welton, though perhaps he did not know it. He held in close companionship the very worst demon a man can embrace—the demon of wrathful vengeance—and in order to maintain himself at the strain to which he had set his feelings, he was obliged to nurse the monster. He did not attend church on that day, nor did his wife. Two or three times during the calm, beautiful Sabbath, as he glanced over toward his neighbor's dwelling, he found himself beginning to wish that he had not gone to see John Welton in such a heat of anger; but he put the wish away, and nursed back his wrath.

On Monday, toward noon, the constable came in from the village and read to John Welton an imposing legal document. It was a summons issued by Wm. Garfield, Esq., a justice of the peace and quorum, ordering the said John Welton to appear before him at two of the clock on Wednesday, at his office, then and there to answer the complaint of Peter Brackett, etc. The officer read the summons, and left with the defendant a copy.

It was the first time John Welton had ever been called upon to face the law. At first he was awe stricken, then he was wroth. He told himself that he would fight it to the bitter end. And now he tried to nurse his wrath, and became more unhappy than before.

On Tuesday evening Parson Surely called upon Mr. Welton. The good man had heard of the trouble and was exceedingly exercised in spirit. Both the men were of his flock, and he loved and respected them. He sat down alone with Welton, and asked him what it meant.

"Tell me calmly and candidly all about it," he said.

After a little reflection Mr. Welton told the story. He knew the old clergyman for a true man and a whole hearted friend, and he told everything just as he understood it.

"And neighbor Brackett thinks, even now, that you shot the dog, knowing that it was his?"

"I suppose so."

"If you had told him the exact facts in the beginning, do you think he would have held his anger?"

This was a hard question for John Welton, but he answered it manfully.

"Truly, parson, I do not think he would."

"Were you ever more unhappy in your life than you have been since this trouble came?"

"I think not."

"And, if possible, neighbor Brackett is more unhappy than you."

"Do you think so?"

"Yes. He is the most angry and revengeful."

A brief pause, and then the parson resumed:

"Brother Welton, with you are needed but few words. You are more a man than Brother Brackett. Do you not believe he has a good heart?"

"Yes."

"I wish you could show how true and good your heart is."

"Parson!"

"I wish you could show him that you possess true Christian courage."

"Parson, what do you mean?"

"I wish you had the courage to meet and conquer him."

"How would you have me do it?"

"First, conquer yourself. You are not offended?"

"No. Go on."

And thereupon the good old clergyman drew up his chair and laid his hand upon his friend's arm and told him just what he would have him do. He spoke earnestly, and with tears in his eyes.

"Brother Welton, have you the heart and courage to do this?"

The farmer arose and took two or three turns across the floor and finally said:

"I will do it."

* * * * *

On the following day, toward the middle of the afternoon, Peter Brackett stood in the doorway with his head bent. He was thinking whether he should harness his horse and be off before dinner, or whether he would wait until afternoon. He could not even put his mind to ordinary chores.

"I wonder," he said to himself, "how the trial will come out! I s'pose Welton'll hire old Whitman to take his case. Of course the office'll be crowded. Tom Frost says it's noised everywhere, and that everybody'll be there. Plague take it! I wish"—

His meditations were interrupted by approaching steps, and on looking up he beheld neighbor Welton.

"Good morning, Peter."

Brackett gasped, and finally answered: "Good morning," though rather crustily.

Welton went on, frankly and pleasantly:

"You will go to the village to-day?"

"I s'pose so."

"I have been summoned by Justice Garfield to be there, also, but really, Peter, I don't want to go. One of us will be enough. Garfield is a fair one, and when he knows the facts he will do what is right. Now, you can state them as well as I can, and whatever his decision is, I will abide by it. You can tell him that I shot your dog, and that your dog had done me no harm."

"Do you acknowledge that old Carlo never harmed you—that he never troubled your sheep?" inquired Brackett, with startled surprise.

"It was not his nature to do harm to anything. I am sure he would sooner have saved one of my sheep than have killed it."

"Then what did you shoot him for?"

"That is what I am coming at, Peter. You will tell the justice that I had lost several of my sheep—killed by dogs—that I had just been taking the skin from a valuable wether, that had been so killed and mangled—that I was on my way from my house, with my gun in my hand, when I saw a dog come out from my shed. My first thought was that he had come from my sheepfold. It was almost dark, and I could not see plainly. Tell the justice that I had no idea it was your dog. I never dreamed that I had fired that cruel shot at old Carlo until Tom Frost told me?"

"How? You didn't know it was my dog?"

"Peter, have you thought so hard of me as to think that I could knowingly and willingly have harmed that grand old dog. I would sooner have shot one of my oxen."

"But you didn't tell me so at first. Why didn't you?"

"Because you came up so—so—suddenly"—

"Oh, pshaw!" cried Brackett, with a stamp of his foot. "Why don't you spit it out as it was? Say I came down on you so like a hornet that you hadn't a chance to think. I was a blamed fool, that's what I was."

"And I was another, Peter; if I hadn't been I should have told you the truth at once, instead of flaring up. But we will understand it now. You can see the justice"—

"Justice be hanged! John, hang it all! What's the use? There, let us end it so!"

From her window Mrs. Brackett had seen the two men come together, and she trembled for the result. By-and-bye she saw her husband, as though flushed and excited, put out his hand. Mercy! was he going to strike his neighbor? She was ready to cry out with affright, the cry being almost upon her lips, when she beheld a scene that called forth rejoicing instead. And this was what she saw:

She saw these two strange men grasp one another by the hand, and she saw big bright tears rolling down their cheeks, and she knew that the fearful storm had passed, and that the warm sunshine of love and tranquility would come again.

Autumnal Diseases.

The season of fevers, says the New York *Tribune*, has set in all over the country: yellow fever in the South, typhoid in one direction, malarial of different types in others. A few nights of sharp frost would doubtless clear and clean the air of them, but in the meantime it behooves every man to look to his own health and that of his family. Physicians, as a rule, concern themselves but little with preventive measures, and in fact neither do the average Americans who are their patients. In theory we all are convinced that each disease has a rational account to give of its origin, but we act as if we held the old doctrine that they came by the visitation of God and not from a defective drain pipe or rotting garbage in the cellar. There is but little danger of yellow fever in the Northern cities. The season is far advanced, the quarantine is strictly enfcrced, and, the surest safeguard of all, the popular dread of the disease is so great that wherever it appears each man becomes a health officer. There are commoner forms of fever from which we have reason to apprehend much more danger. The intense heat of June and July has told upon every man and woman who remained in the cities during those months. It has lessened their stock of vitality to an exceptional degree, and in consequence rendered them susceptible to poisonous influences in the air. In this month there are always malarious fogs arising from the decomposing vegetable matter in low-lying meadows and gardens—a danger which nothing but the early frosts will cure. The chief preventive measures to be adopted are to protect the body by flannel next the skin, never to go out in the morning without a full meal, and to keep the digestive organs in healthy condition and the mind cheerful.

Typhoid fevers are communicated, on the contrary, by conveyance of animal secretions. At this season every householder should look to the condition of drains and water pipes on his premises, and not let squeamish delicacy hinder him from reporting nuisances on the premises of his neighbor. It is amazing to what pollution of the air, in their sumptuous dwellings, churches, steam and horse cars, Americans will submit in silence. There is another class of fevers which originate in decaying vegetable matter, dampness, and the poison generated by bad ventilation in overcrowded houses. If every respectable man would see that the laws of health were enforced in his own neighborhood, there would be little fear from this especial messenger of death. In case of attack from fever, the usual course is to apply all domestic remedies before calling in a physician. The headache, languor, etc., appear so slight a series of symptoms that it is natural the whole family pharmacopœia of pills, draughts and stimulants should be tried before outside assistance is summoned. The truth is, however, that the remedies for each kind of fever widely differ, and the home practice too often gives the surest help to the disease in its fatal work.

Our advice, then, to readers is, in brief, to keep the fever out of their houses, but after it is once in to leave the fight with it to more skilled hands than their own. In no country, too, is the matter of disinfection so neglected as in our own. The patient being dead or cured, his friends leave the disease to go on its way unchecked, while with due precaution of disinfecting bedding, clothes, walls, etc., it might be stopped short. A free use of carbolic acid or chloride of lime is beneficial in even a house where there is no illness. But best of all is fresh, clean air, and plenty of it. These counsels are hackneyed beyond question; but that they are needed is proved by the fact that eight out of ten, even of cultured families, disregard them.

Size of Countries.

Greece is about the size of Vermont.

Palestine is about one-fourth the size of New York.

Hindostan is more than a hundred times as large as Palestine.

The great desert of Africa has nearly the present dimensions of the United States.

The Red sea would reach from Washington to Colorado, and it is three times as wide as Lake Ontario.

The English channel is nearly as large as Lake Superior.

The Mediterranean, if placed across North America, would make sea navigation from San Diego to Baltimore.

The Caspian sea would stretch from New York to St. Augustine, and is as wide as from New York to Rochester.

Great Britain is about two-thirds the size of Hindostan, one-twelfth of China, and one twenty-fifth of the United States.

The gulf of Mexico is about ten times the size of Lake Superior, and about as large as the sea of Kamschatka, bay of Bengal, China sea, Okhotsk or Japan sea. Lake Ontario would go in each of them more than fifty times.

The following bodies of water are about the same size: German ocean, Black sea, Yellow sea; Hudson's bay is rather larger. The Baltic, Adriatic and Ægean seas, and the Persian gulf are half as large, and somewhat larger than Lake Superior.

What he Found.

A country gentleman was in the habit of entertaining his friends almost weekly, and discovered that regularly some small article of plate was missing, a caster top, a salt spoon, a napkin ring or something of the kind. He suspected his servants, and to make sure one night, when the guests had assembled, he said:

"I tell you what! Let's do without servants to-night and wait on ourselves!"

The odd suggestion was greeted with applause and peals of laughter. The servants were turned out; the meal was seasoned with sparkling sallies at the expense of the clumsiness of this or that guest, and when they had all gone the host took stock and discovered that two-thirds of the spoons had gone too!

Absurdities.

The *Northwestern Christian Advocate* regards the custom of drinking healths and vindicating one's self by violence as absurdities. It says: Why should it be an honor to a gentleman or lady to have a company around a dinner table fill their glasses with wine, when his or her name is mentioned at a particular moment, and drain them simultaneously? They drink one's health professedly. The act really promotes the health of no one. Physiologically it cannot have that effect, but rather the contrary, in the mass of cases, while it can hardly be recognized as a religious exercise, in which the wine drinking is a kind of libation, or sacramental accompaniment of a prayer for the welfare of the person named. Fashion renders it possible to do what is simply ludicrous. Thus, at a large dinner party, a gentleman will send word by a waiter to a lady at a distant part of the table that he would like to drink wine with her. Perhaps she is on the same side with himself, so that he cannot well see her motions. Accordingly he relies on the waiter to tell him when she has her glass in hand and is prepared to exchange compliments, and at a given signal, having asked: "Is she ready?" swallows his wine! And then both feel quite complimented and indebted to one another!

But how would it seem, were a slight change made in the custom? Let it be supposed, that the master of ceremonies should say: "I propose that we should eat the health of the lovely Miss Smith, the queen of beauty;" and that, thereupon, each should take a bit of roast beef, or a morsel of turkey, on the top of his or her fork, and, at a given signal, all the bits should simultaneously be conveyed to their mouths, with a general interchange of smirks. Or when the dessert and fruit comes on, suppose a gentleman to send word to a lady that he proposes that they eat one another's health in a slice of orange. In these cases there would be a compliment of the personal attention, and the actual taking of something nutritious and healthful; but to drink one's health in a glass of ordinary wine—in three instances out of four, a compound of whisky and poisonous drugs—is a very contradictory proceeding.

A Cheeky Man's Projected Visit.

A gentleman of Philadelphia has received the following letter, which explains itself:

Troubles never come singly, and now I am going to ask a particular favor, and sincerely hope you may not think strange of it. The plain facts of the case are: I am out of funds, and would like to ask a small loan—a mere trifle—so I may get rid of my hotel bill, pay for some pictures, a pair of boots, etc. I would like to have say $40, though I might get along with $35 if you could get me a pass over to your city. Now, this may seem like pressing matters a little; but I always did believe in keeping up appearances; it gives one credit, you know. My friends, including B., are away—this is my reason for writing to you.

If I get over to your city, and if it suits me, I will make a short stay at your own home for say a couple of weeks or so. Now I hope this will be altogether convenient and agreeable, if not, don't hesitate to be candid. I am not one of the kind to feel hurt.

My mother-in-law, wife and two boys will join me in Philadelphia, and if it would make no difference to you or your family they will make their stay at your home with me. My mother-in-law being somewhat of an invalid, does not breakfast until eleven A. M., and then requires attention which can't be had except where she may feel perfectly at home.

I thought best to mention these little matters so you may not feel annoyed.

Awaiting a favorable reply, I am very truly yours.

P. S.—I have heard of your hospitality, and I hope shall find in you a brother. I feel anxious to be in your city during the visit of the Chicago consistory, which I think will be about this time.

Horned Men in Africa.

A paper by Captain J. S. Hay, on the horned men of Africa, was read at the recent meeting of the British Association. He also exhibited sketches of two Africans with horns. Mr. Hyde Clarke said it was very difficult to assign any reason for the appearance of the horns, but there was no doubt that Captain Hay had seen them. One way might be that they had been inserted or inoculated into the face; but Captain Hay informed them that it was the object of the parents to remove the horns, which he regarded as a natural growth. One suggestion was that this was a class of malformation, of which there was a memorable example in the case of the "porcupine man," who had horny plaits on various parts of his body. He had not heard from anybody any sufficient explanation with regard either to its being a natural phenomenon arising at birth or its being artificially produced in the manner to which he had referred. It was remarkable that the horns were peculiar to the male sex. The subject was very obscure and had not been sufficiently investigated by anthropologists, because there were great prejudices to taking it up.

Odd Fellowship.

In the month of February, 1819, Thomas Wildey and John Welch, two Englishmen, then residing in Baltimore, Md., inserted in the Baltimore *American* an advertisement in the following words: "Notice to all Odd Fellows.—A few members of the Society of Odd Fellows will be glad to meet their brethren for consultation upon the subject of forming a lodge. The meeting will be held on Friday evening, the second of March, 1819." This was the first lodge formed in the United States.

EDUCATIONAL.—The board of education estimates that the expenses of the public schools of New York State for 1877 will be $3,988,352. A State could not well spend four millions for a better purpose.

In the Way of Advice.

"P. H. A.," the writer of a letter in the New York *Sun*, asked:

"How is a laboring man to get his living the coming winter? Crops have come in so poor that buckwheat, the main food of the poor class of people in this section in winter, will be worth from $1 to $1.20; and yet what few business men here intend to do business this coming winter say they shall reduce wages to $1 per day. Now, I would like to know how a laboring man can pay $30 per year rent for the poorest house, and perhaps $15 more for firewood, $1.25 per bushel for potatoes, eighty to ninety cents per bushel for corn, and wheat $1.40 per bushel, and clothe a family of five or six little children?"

This is a hard state of things, which is not allayed by the fact that millions of human beings will survive this winter in Europe under conditions far harder than those depicted. Many an agricultural laborer in England, where the wages are higher than in some other countries, and where, moreover, families of even eight and ten children are not uncommon, has to get along on three dollars a week. His house costs him at least $25 a year, even inferior parts of meat he cannot get at less than twelve cents a pound, bread is somewhat dearer than here, the garden where he can raise vegetables does not average one-eighth of an acre, and fuel costs him at least $25. Yet he lives, and rears children. The French and Belgian peasants live on less, and live better, in some respects, and yet actually saves, because skilled in economy, and knowing how to turn every atom of food to account. The people of this country have been so wasteful in times of plenty that a hard time finds them unable to meet it. "P. H. A." would be astonished were he to taste the nourishing, savory broth which a French peasant can make out of bones, a morsel of meat, vegetables, herbs, and such dry scraps of bread as an American housewife would throw away. A glance at a poor man's garden in this country will, nine times out of ten, show how little he and his wife know how to turn it to account for the table. With land so cheap as it is here, a French peasant would be living in clover. A very large proportion of the distress in the country regions to which "P. H. A." alludes arises from ignorance of that domestic economy which hard times have taught the people of other countries.

How a Bird Flies.

The most prominent fact about a bird is a faculty in which it differs from every other creature except the bat and insects—its power of flying. For this purpose the bird's arms end in only one long, slender finger, instead of a full hand. To this are attached the quills and small feathers (coverts) on the upper side, which make up the wing. Observe how light all this is: In the first place, the bones are hollow; then the shafts of the feathers are hollow, and, finally, the feathers themselves are made of the most delicate filaments, interlocking and clinging to one another with little grasping hooks of microscopic fineness. Well, how does a bird fly? It seems simple enough to describe, and yet is a problem that the wisest in such matters have not yet worked out to everybody's satisfaction. This explanation, by the Duke of Argyle, appears to be the best: An open wing forms a hollow on its under side like an inverted saucer; when the wing is forced down, the upward pressure of the air caught under this concavity lifts the bird up, much as you lift yourself up between the parallel bars in a gymnasium. But he could never in this way get ahead, and the hardest question is still to be answered. Now, the front edge of the wing, formed of the bones and muscles of the fore arm, is rigid and unyielding, while the hinder margin is merely the soft flexible ends of the feathers; so when the wing is forced down, the air under it, finding this margin yielding the easier would rush out here, and, in so doing, would bend up the ends of the quills, pushing them forward out of the way, which, of course, would tend to shove the bird ahead. This process, quickly repeated, results in the phenomenon of flight.

A Terrible Onslaught.

A terrible onslaught was made upon the Catholic Christians at Ning-Kuoh Fu, in the province of Ngan-huwy, China, when a crowd of about 1,000 soldiers and ruffians, under the guidance of officials, burst into a chapel during service time and brained members of the congregation. The men entered the chapel, interrupted the service, forced the officiating priest upon his knees, and demanded that he should cease promulgating the doctrine of the T'ien chu sect. The priest declined to make the promise, whereupon a scene of indescribable uproar ensued, during which frightful outrages occurred. The priest was tortured and eventually put to death, being hacked to pieces; a little child whom he had adopted was torn limb from limb, and the corpse of another father was taken from its grave and brutally ill-used. The members of the inland mission have all left the neighborhood, and the Roman Catholics have now a guard around their house. The chief conspirator was a military mandarin named Wu, who has openly expressed his malignant hatred of the Christian religion.

It Was Very Hot.

The hodja of Turkey's wife set out one day to play a trick on him by setting before him some very hot soup. Forgetting what she was about, however, she took a mouthful herself, and burned her mouth so smartly that the tears ran out of her eyes.

"What's the matter, wife?" asked the hodja; "was the soup too hot?"

"No, my lord," she said; "I was crying because I happened to remember how fond my late father used to be of soup."

The hodja, not doubting what she said, took a mouthful of the soup, burned his mouth, and began to shed tears in his turn.

"What's the matter?" said his wife.

"I'm crying because that father of yours did not take you with him when he died."

Items of Interest.

A Nevada miner staked the savings of years on faro, lost, and then killed himself.

Inquiring mind (reading)—"It says here, ma, 'His remains were taken to their last resting place.' Why do they say 'his remains'—wasn't he all there?"

Another instance of the beauty of going to law has just transpired at Perth Amboy, N. J., where it cost a man $800 to get a $49 verdict against a railroad company.

A Western chap, in describing a gale of wind, says: A white dog, while attempting to weather the gale, was caught with his mouth open, and turned completely inside out.

An Irishman on board a vessel when she was on the point of foundering, being desired to come on deck, as she was going down, replied that he had no wish to go on deck and see himself drowned.

An old gentleman, whose nose was not only very large, but very highly colored, was asked by George IV. how much it had taken to paint it. "Sire," was his reply, "I cannot tell, for it is not finished yet."

The following is a store sign as copied *verbatim* from the original in a remote mining town: "Bibles, blackball, butter; testaments, tar, treacle; Godly books and gimblets; condensed eggs and castor oil, for sale hear!"

A close fisted man invited a friend to dinner, and provided only two mutton chops. Upon removing the cover he said: "My friend, we have a Lenten entertainment; you see your dinner before you." Taking the two chops upon his own plate, his friend replied: "Yes, but where is your dinner?"

A person who was looking at a house the other day said he couldn't afford to pay so much rent. "Well, look at the neighborhood," replied the woman. "You can borrow flatirons next door, coffee and tea across the street, flour and sugar on the corner, and there's a big pile of wood belonging to the school house right across the alley!"

The Rev. Mr. Spooner (tenderly to eligible widow)—"How beautifully emblematic is this of the relations of man and wife. See how the graceful ivy, womanlike, clings for support to the stalwart oak. Ah, dear madam, a husband's fond protection"— Widow—"And supposin' the hoak is too little and the hivy too big—what then, Mr. Spooner?"

"It is impossible!" said I to a French peasant lad who was telling me a tough story about a miracle working chair in a neighboring church. "There's nothing impossible," he answered, "but a stick with but one end; and if you go to Chartres you'll see it." "See what? the stick, or that there's nothing else impossible?" he replied. "Neither; but you will see Chartres."

At Fossville, Cal., lives old Mr. Foss, a noted stage driver of the Pacific coast. He has retired from business, having grown rich, and now keeps a refreshment saloon on the stage road. He has a collection of whips given him by different associations and friends, which hang on racks in his hall as trophies. One of them, given him by the late Mr. Ralston, is valued at $10,000, and is mounted with gold and richly set with jewels.

Old Deacon Sharp never told a lie, but he used to relate this: He was standing one day besides a frog pond and saw a large garter snake make an attack upon an enormous big bullfrog. The snake seized one of the frog's hind legs, and the frog, to be on a par with his snakeship, caught him by the tail, and both commenced swallowing one another, and continued this carnivorous operation until nothing was left of either of them.

Two-thirds of the willow for the manufacture of willowware in the United States is imported from Europe at a cost of $5,000. The cultivation of the willow is contemplated by some Americans, they thinking that by cultivating superior grades of basket willow they can make a profit of $150 per acre. A manufacturer asserts that fully 5,000 articles are constructed from willow shoots—chairs, sofas and baskets being the most common.

"Ah, husband, do you see this beautiful carving? How delicately cut is the pure white stone!" "Yes. Very pretty." "But, William, you have no taste for art, and you don't enjoy these things as I do. Just notice this slender column of immaculate marble, with the touching question so beautifully carved: 'Do they miss me at home?'" "Yes, I see. And here is her name on the footstone: 'G. A. B.' Yes; I guess they miss her—if that was her name!"

Buffalo Bill said recently to a reporter of the Philadelphia *Press*: "Custer's charge was not mad or ill-timed. Custer charged when, had he been supported as he ought to have been, he would have won a glorious victory. He was not supported. Reno stood inactive when only a ridge separated him from Custer when the latter was being butchered. Reno is to blame, and I told him so. Benteen wanted to go and support Custer, but Reno ranked him and he was powerless. The command was not in the hands of the proper men. They are too old, and lack the dash and vim and vigor for such a warfare."

A Little Too Fast.

A favorite programme with the hotel dead beat is to hand a large sealed envelope, stuffed with paper, to the clerk and ask him to take care of those "three hundred dollars for a few days." The game has been played at one of the Detroit hotels, and the clerks were on their guard. A seedy looking old man registered at the same hotel a few days afterward, and after dinner he handed the day clerk an envelope marked "180," and asked that it be put in the safe.

"You can't play that trick on me, mister!" replied the clerk, and he tore the package in two. As he held up the ends his eyes began to bulge out. He had tore eighteen new $10 dollar bills in half, and he had insulted the owner. One reason why he wasn't at his post the balance of the afternoon was because he was pasting those bills together.